

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

No. 20.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1923.

Vol. II.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH

Truth severe; by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

JANET ARMSTRONG;  
AN IRISH TALE.

"Heart's ease grows in a corner; but deadly nightshade  
overtuns the earth."

It was one of those days peculiar to Ireland: a low gray sky shut out the sun, the wind came in long rustling blasts, and then slowly retiring, left periods of sultry calmness, during which rain appeared to be gathering in torrents: a few large drops, however, borne along each passing gust, were all that had yet fallen. The still small but sharply-curling billows of the broad Atlantic clamoured against rock and cliff, or broke over a patch of level beach, with an impetuosity apparently inconsistent with their size. Flocks of sea-gulls wheeled, dived, and screamed, and were as busy as if to them belonged the task of preparing the approaching storm; while the hoarse cries of the larger sea-birds, flying for shelter to their island nests, indistinctly mingled with the general tumult. On a rock, which in front shelved down to the level of the water, and on one side sheltered a quiet nook, affording safe harbourage to a few skiffs and fishing vessels, appeared a man holding the chain of a small boat which he was preparing to enter. He paused, however, for he was too well acquainted with its signs to be ignorant that a tempest was approaching; and it was even doubtful whether, in the present state of the sea, he would be able to reach an island about two miles distant; after some hesitation he ventured and succeeded.

Edward O'Toole, whom we have thus introduced to our readers, was the son of a poor mountain farmer who fed a few cows, and reared a few patches of corn and potatoes on one of the bleak hills which bounded the extensive territories once possessed by his ancestors. He, however, was not superior to those of his neighbours, who were less fortunate in their descent, either in talent or acquirement; and his sons, Edward and James, were likely to have lived and died in the station and occupation of their father; had not a remarkable incident materially altered and improved their condition. The elder boy was ten, and the younger six years old, when they were one day accosted, while gathering blackberries in the hedge which fringed the breen, or narrow lane that led from the village in the valley to the few straggling cottages on the mountains, by a gentleman of somewhat more than middle age; who asked them in their native language, spoken fluently, but with a peculiarity of accent which made it almost unintelligible, to direct him to the house of Thaddeus O'Toole. After some difficulty they comprehended that he wished to see their father, and Edward seizing his bridle in order to guide him safely over the broken path-way, they set off with more velocity than appeared to the stranger either safe or necessary. After travelling a mile on this primitive road, which was the bed of a mountain stream, lately directed into a different course, they ar-

rived at the half clay, half stone cabin of O'Toole. He had been working in the potato garden, and was returning to his dinner, when he met the stranger at the door of his cottage. The latter immediately announced himself as the priest appointed to fill the situation of the late spiritual director of the parish; but how O'Toole's astonishment increased, when he also declared himself his brother. Neither our limits nor our object will allow us to be diffuse in this part of the tale. When father Patrick O'Toole re-passed the road to his own residence on the shore, he went not alone; the young O'Toole accompanied him, to acquire from him who had spent his life in its pursuits, a portion of that education which might one day enable them to take a higher station in society than they had been accustomed to anticipate. Patrick O'Toole, when a child, had been noticed by the neighbouring priest; had been taught how to serve mass and sing hymns, and in acquiring these accomplishments evinced such docility and intelligence as induced his instructor to extend his studies to Latin and Greek. After his death, which happened some years from this period, he preferred wandering about—as a poor scholar, which insured him instruction gratis in every school in the country, and his bed and dinner whenever he chose to ask it, to a residence under his paternal roof. In one of his journeys to the country town, however, he fortunately attracted the attention of a catholic gentleman of fortune, and was received into his house as a kind of half servant and half companion to his children. With this gentleman he went a continental tour; and at Rome, by his own desire, he was settled in a monastery, when, after a proper time, he was ordained. But O'Toole still looked back to the land of his birth; Italian skies were blue and cloudless, but they were not native to his heart; and he began to feel that as the zealous pastor of a portion of the inhabitants of that country which he loved, he should more usefully fulfil his task on earth. He left Rome, therefore, with such testimonials of his piety and learning, as ensured him a favourable reception from the heads of the Irish church. His native parish was vacant; he applied for it, and succeeded. It was then that he paid his first visit to his brother, as we have described, and at the period at which our tale commences, he had lived twelve years quietly and silently, but earnestly and anxiously fulfilling the various duties which his situation imposed upon him. Amongst the most pleasing was the education of his nephews, whom he had adopted, and who now solely depended upon him. Their father had died, and the lease of the farm fell with him; he had no property,—what Irish peasant has?—and his dying legacy to his eldest son, then a fine young man of eighteen, was indeed a fatal one—eternal enmity to the government under which he lived, and the laws by which it was supported!

When Edward O'Toole had, with much exertion, hauled his boat sufficiently far on the shore to ensure its safety, he sought his uncle, to meet whom he had thus ventured, and directed his course to the Abbey, the unenclosed courts and roofless walls of which, now gave to the dead that shelter which they

had once afforded to the living. It was an old and somewhat rude building. But one large hall alone survived the elemental war of ages; and this now, and for two centuries past, had served the double purpose of burying ground and chapel to the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands; who, on this morning, had assembled there with a melancholy burthen.

The number who had crowded to the funeral had departed; some hours had elapsed, and Edward, who was absent when he left home, and whom the father had directed to be sent after him immediately, had not yet arrived, when the gathering storm drove him from the shore, where he had awaited him. He sat on the tomb of one of his ancestors in the chapel, and remained painfully meditating, sometimes upon the task he had just fulfilled, but more frequently on the one which yet awaited him. Sorrow and grief, excited for the first time since his arrival in Ireland, by deeper causes than sympathy with the misfortunes of his flock, now pressed sorely on the heart of the good old man. He had determined this day to know the worst; yet he could not conceal from himself, that the peace and happiness which the few years he might hope to live depended on the issue of the conference he was about to hold with his nephew. Thus engaged, he started with something like pleasure when he heard the voice of Edward. In a moment after he was in the chapel. "My dear uncle," he exclaimed, "come quickly to the shore; the sea is high, but we may yet get over in one of the large boats." "No, Edward, I shall wait here till evening." "It will be impossible to pass in the evening, sir; in two hours no boat will be able to live." "It is no matter. I may hear that before night which would make me wish that you and I were both smothering in the broadest wave of the Atlantic, rather than living to shame, sorrow, and sin.—Edward, listen to me; I will not remind you of benefits and sacrifices; they were none, for I made them with good will: I will not say that I have been as a father to you, but you know, and I feel that no father was ever more bound up in the existence of his child.—Edward, I thought to talk and reason with you calmly, but it is impossible. I can only call on you by the God you adore, and the religion you reverence, to listen to the pleading of an old man's tears. But they are not the tears of weakness; in the best day of my strength they would have fallen for the sin of my child. I call upon you, not in the voice of harshness and command, but of entreaty, to listen to me: Edward, are you not a rebel? Are you not in league with the devil, the double devil of revenge and ambition? Are you not sworn to midnight murder?—Tell me but that I am in error, and I will believe and bless you?"

During this address the young man had continued hastily traversing the space beneath the arch under which they had met; and at its conclusion he stood opposite to his uncle. He opened his lips several times, but dared not trust his voice; at last with a desperate effort, "It is true," said he, "I am a rebel!" The old man knelt down and pressed his forehead to the marble slab of the tomb on which he had been sitting. In a few moments he arose; "I have asked for strength from

him who hath deserted me, and I have found it," said he calmly. "My limbs are not like yours, Edward; even in sorrow and agony they will remind me of earthly pain. Will you fold my great-coat round me?" A long silence ensued, which was at length broken by Edward, who had recovered a portion of that determination, or rather obstinacy, which had from the earliest period produced the most serious, perhaps the only errors, in his judgment and conduct. "You have called me a rebel, sir," said he, "and I am one. Yes! if to hate tyranny, to love freedom, and, above all, to detest cowardice; to be ready to hazard life and fame upon the cause which other men are content to admire in their closets; if to be content to be sacrificed in the practice which I admire in theory; if not to have read of Rome and Athens as a scholar but as a man; if these form a rebel, I am one! I have given my hand and heart to the truest and noblest of men, that ever graced a cause in success, or dignified it in defeat; and may that hand wither, and that heart cease to beat, when any earthly inducement shall make me betray or desert them! Father, you are a man of peace; not only your profession, but your principles lead you to detest the crimes necessarily incidental to a civil war. It is right then, that we should part. It must be in a day or two; it may as well be now. Give me your hand, sir; and whether I number the gallows or the battle-field, for one or other will most likely be my doom,—promise that you will pray for your son, and forgive and forget me."

"You need not go now, Edward; I am a poor old feeble man; I neither care, nor will attempt to keep you, but surely you may give me one hour before you leave me for ever." "Certainly, sir; if you wish it; I can stay until 10 o'clock." The evening had now closed; and the whirlwind, which during the day had repressed its violence, or like an over-mastered demon, dared only express its fury in sullen howls, now swept over land and sea in the fulness of its rage. It found its way at intervals even into the Abbey's desolated hall, and its chilling influence, joined to the late conversation, overpowered the old man's strength, and he almost fell lifeless to the earth. Edward, who since his last reply had been leaning against a column, instinctively using its shadow to screen him from the mild but reproachful glances of his uncle, was both alarmed and shocked. He raised him, and when he had partially recovered, supported him along the path which led to the humble cottage of a man, who united in himself, along with many others, the duties which in the protestant church, are performed by the parish clerk and sexton. When they arrived there, his uncle's illness was so much increased that it became necessary to put him to bed. Edward sat by him, and prayers, entreaties, and arguments were used on one side, and met on the other by short sullen answers, or complete silence. On one subject only he was frank and open. "He knew that his brother, whatever might be his feelings, was not sworn, nor connected in any way with the insurgents." Time wore away, until Edward, suddenly starting, pointed to a time-piece opposite, "My hour is past already," said he. "I remember when



young, and innocent, and happy, you blessed me at every parting, father, and even then it made me better happier; and now, I would have the last sound of your voice, as many years of your life have been spent in exertions for my welfare. Father, bless me ere I depart,"—and he hid his face amid the bedclothes.

"God bless you! if you remain."—"And if I go?"—The old man raised himself by a violent exertion; he held his hands towards heaven, and while his lips quivered, and the bed shook beneath his convulsive trembling, he uttered a fervent prayer for the safety of the unhappy youth. He thought he had given up all earthly feelings, that he had gathered strength for the sacrifice, and could allow him to depart without farther effort. But as Edward, drawing his boat-cloak round him, took the last slow lingering look of him who had been to him friend and father, and guide, and instructor, with an instinctive motion he grasped its folds, and it was only by loosening its clasp that Edward was enabled to leave him. He rushed from the house; but the last tones of that voice, which had never before brought him aught but peace and happiness, echoed round his footsteps. "Edward, will you leave me dying in the house of a stranger?" rang more loudly in his ears than the thunder which pealed around him. He paused for a moment. He turned towards the cottage, and even in that awful moment, when the memory of other and better days was freshening in his soul, there was something of insulted pride mingled with agony on his features. Both feelings, however, were only momentary; and with a more collected but with a still hasty step, he trod the passage to the shore. The wind blew directly from it; and the spot where he embarked, being sheltered by the cliffs, prevented his observing the desperate fierceness with which the tempest raged. The boat ran before the wind with rapidity; but when the headlands where cleared, and he came into the rough swell beyond the island, it became unmanageable; he struggled hard, but in vain; it swamped, and he was left fighting with the waves; their course was however with him, and being a good swimmer, he quickly approached the shore. After much violent exertion he gained the shelving rock which we have before described, and which was the only accessible point for some distance along the coast. As he clambered up its rugged side, he perceived a female rapped up in a large plaid, standing on the summit. "Is that Edward?" said the stranger; and before he could reply, he was clasped in the arms of her whom he loved with more than earthly love, and who at least equally repaid it.

"Janet, my dear Janet! what could bring you here, two miles over heath and mountain, on such a night as this?" "I knew you would come, Edward, and the storm was so high that I thought I would go mad if I waited there." "Janet, compose yourself: you look and talk wildly." "Yes, I have been here an hour, and the wind and the gulls, shrieking, and fear for you, have almost distracted me. But are you safe, quite safe?" "Yes, love! the boat went down near shore, and I have only got a good wetting." "Take off your coat there, and wrap my plaid round you." "Nonsense!" "But indeed you must; at least we will share it; like a true Scot. 'I'll row you in my plaidie.'" "Do you not remember Burns?"

"And should misfortune's bitter storms,  
Around us blow, around us blow;  
My plaidie to the angry air,  
Wad shield them a', wad shield them a'."

"Would to heaven it could!" said he, as on folding her with one arm, they walked hastily towards her father's. "I had been expecting you for sometime in the garden, when suddenly the danger of

the passage in such a tempest, struck my heart, and I recollect nothing till I found myself on the shore. But if their had not been danger it would have been delightful to meet thus. When the moon is sending forth the light of love, and looks out from her calm bed of everlasting blue, I feel something like perfect happiness, and could be almost content without you; but to night I want you to encourage and protect me, and above all, to show me that there are lights I love better than those of the sky." "Will you never leave romance, Janet; you build a world of your own, where nobody else can enter." "Oh yes! there is a home for you. But you must not be grave with me. I know you to be twice as imaginative as Jane. And why not? There is nothing like it in reality, except indeed the reality of nature; and when the mild moon looks down like the symbol of purity and peace, I feel as if it were impossible for it to look so on crime and misfortune." "But it does, Janet!" and his voice rose as he spoke, "within a month it has lit hundreds of brave men to their graves, whose memories are branded with shame, and with dishonour. But this is nothing to you, my love! I am agitated to night, and—she was about to reply, when they saw torches of dried bog-wood waving in the air, and heard voices loudly calling her name. There was no time to be lost; he promised to come the following evening, and took a path immediately leading to his uncle's, while she proceeded to meet the friends who were searching for her. When she met her father, there was a degree of displeasure approaching to anger apparent in his features, and it did not yield as readily as usual to the sportive tones of his daughter. "There shall be no more of this, Janet; or if you must take night walks, I will be your companion." "Oh no! who ever heard of a father and daughter taking romantic walks together?" No, "A lass maun have a lad." "There is aye true word spoken in jest," but I have no time to say more now; our quiet parish is at last to be disturbed to-night, and every loyal and honest man is called out to defend his family from the papist murderers." "But you will not go, father?"—"I will go, Janet; John Armstrong was never backward to take his own part, nor will he hide himself where rebellion thus bids all honest men defiance." They had now arrived at the bleach-mill which had been built by his grandfather, a Scotch settler, who left it, with a small farm and a substantial dwelling-house, to his son, from whom it descended, much increased in value to its present owner. John, although richer than most of his neighbours, was, however, not admitted into the society of the gentlemen farmers near him; nor indeed did he wish it. He performed the duties of the bleacher himself, though well able to pay a superintendent, and was fond of boasting of it; besides, his education was none of the most polished description; writing a clerk-like hand, and working his way through the rule of three direct, with that intimate knowledge of the bible, which almost all Presbyterians possess, formed the extent of his acquirements. John, however, had a large portion of pride. If he was shut out from the more genteel society of the neighbourhood, he determined not to mingle with that below him; and although he would shake hands with the villagers, they found no admission to his house. His wife dying immediately after the birth of his only child, and the circumstances we have stated, threw him much upon himself for amusement in his hours of relaxation; and he gradually acquired, or rather allowed himself to encourage an early fondness for field sports, though a half consciousness that they were idle vanities prevented his publicly pursuing them. This feeling, which was at first a harmless desire of not obtrud-

ing his example on his neighbours, in time became a passion, and sometimes betrayed him into singular and ludicrous situations. But if his conscience could extend its grasp to those sports in which he was calculated to participate, he always stopped short of those for which he was unfitted: of dancing, particularly, he had the most orthodox abhorrence. On the subject of singing he was not equally decided; for his features would sometimes kindle with delight while his daughter, whom he almost adored, sang the humorous or romantic ballads of, as he considered, his native land; for he would resent being called an Irishman; yet "it was idle work, unless employed in praise of Him whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and whose dominion endureth for all generations." These admonitions, however, were neither frequent nor severe; and Janet Armstrong was well known to have the sweetest voice and largest collection of ballads in the village. We have delayed longer at the bleachfield than John did. His horse, pistols, and broadsword were soon brought, and he set off at a round trot to join the other loyal inhabitants on the village fair green, which was the appointed place of assemblage.

After exchanging his clothes at his uncle's, Edward O'Toole proceeded to a cave in a retired part of the shore, two miles distant, the appointed scene of a council of rebel captains to be held at midnight. They had long been silently preparing arms and ammunition, and were waiting but for a favourable opportunity to rise, when they were alarmed by the news of the battle of Vinegar-hill, and the total defeat of the French and insurgents. This made it necessary to determine on some decisive conduct immediately.

We will not now detail the varied opinions and debates, for we shall hereafter probably, have a better opportunity of introducing our readers to a rebel meeting. A few, amongst whom was Edward, were for attempting, at all risks, to join a remnant of the insurgents, which, it was reported still held out; but more peaceable counsel prevailed. It was determined to abandon all designs for the present: and after mutually avowing to seize the first opportunity of renewing their exertions in the cause they were pledged to, they rose to depart. The last of the band had scarcely issued from the cave when they were surrounded by a number of armed men, both horse and foot; but being unarmed themselves, and it may be, the consciousness of the peaceable termination of their debates, prevented any attempts at resistance, and in less than half an hour they were prisoners in a large barn in the centre of the village, while John Armstrong, and eleven other loyalists, mounted guard outside. In the morning the magistrates came, and not choosing to depend entirely on volunteers, however respectable, sent express for a military escort to conduct them to the county jail.

In the mean time it was necessary that they must remain another night confined in the barn, and a scheme to rescue the prisoners was hastily planned by their different friends. Among these James O'Toole was foremost: parties of men were rapidly collected in the mountains, who approaching the village, waited but the signal for attack. There was indeed one circumstance peculiarly favourable to the success of this attempt; a vessel had during the storm of the preceding night, been driven close in shore; a boat's crew had landed, and from them James O'Toole ascertained that she was an American, and had sailed two days since from Cork, with a number of emigrants who had been connected with the recent disturbances. A bargain was, therefore, soon made with the captain, to remain off the shore until morning, and be ready to sail at any hour at which the party might

arrive. Ten o'clock was then appointed for the attack; and the plan determined on was, to overpower the sentinels, while a smaller band was to break open the door and conduct the prisoners to the boats. This arrangement succeeded beyond their utmost hopes: not a shot was fired, and in an hour after the barn was surrounded, they had all arrived at the beach, when just as Edward, accompanied by his brother, was about to embark, he heard a voice whose tones he knew but too well, calling upon him; he turned wildly round, and Janet Armstrong fell into his arms!

"There is no time for delay now, Edward!" exclaimed James, "take her into the boat, and I will see her safely back." They had accordingly proceeded half way to the vessel before she had sufficiently recovered to understand where she was, and the cause which had induced Edward to take her with him. "I would not, even if you wished it, take you from friends, and family, and fortune, to share the pillow of a rebel and an outcast. We will part, Janet, immediately; and you must learn to think of me as others do,—as a desperate man. Janet, we must part for ever!" "No, Edward, we will never part again! If your pillow be a rebel's, it will the more want a kind hand to smooth it; and she whom loved you in happiness, is the fittest to soothe you in misfortune." "Can you, Janet! tell me at once, that I may once more feel delight,—can you leave your father and your country for me! I will not ask you, I will not say I wish it; but if you dare make the sacrifice, you shall never have cause to repent the hour when you left home and friends to share the outlaw's fortune." "I have said it, Edward; we will never part again!" "Then, Janet," said he, pressing her to his bosom, "come sorrow, shame, and misery, when they may, we will meet them all unbent; we will be in the world, but not of it; our union is a strange one, but love shall hallow it, and—are you unwell, love?" "Edward,—Edward, ought I to go? Ought I to leave my father's house and my mother's grave? He will be there soon too! His curse for my disobedience is on me already; my heart is bursting, and my—" Janet again fainted, nor revived till they were alongside of the vessel, when, as they were about to lift her into it, she shrieked aloud. Wildly and dreadfully sounded the voice of human agony along the calm expanse. There is not in nature a sound so horrible; and those who have once heard those maddening bursts of the spirit of despair, never again forget them.

"Janet, what do you fear? What do you wish for? Were it to leave you again upon the shore you have left; it shall be granted, love!" "God bless you! Edward, for that word. I cannot, I dare not kill him; think of parricide, and I should be one. He would look stern, and never shed a tear, but he would die! Send me back, my Edward,—you may find another and a better, and perhaps a fonder wife, for I cannot leave all for you." "Push the boat off, James." "Not with you. There are men enough come with us to row it back. You will not rush on destruction!" He made no answer, but pushing his oar against the ship's side, to get clear of her, sat down to row, desiring his brother to assist him. "I will return when I have landed her in safety," were the only words he uttered. "You will never return," said she, "they will murder you." "Then my death be upon your head." "This is ungenerous, Edward," said his brother. "It is, for she only thought she loved me." "Edward, I cannot, indeed I cannot bear it." "I was told women's hearts were false, and I vainly thought I had found a true one,—but, 'tis no matter; pull more quickly, James." They rowed on in silence until they had again gained the spot they had so lately quit-



ed; when Janet raised herself to leave the boat, and James O'Toole went to assist her. "Edward shall we part thus?" "No, Janet, not in anger." They had carried her half way up the rock, when suddenly the trampling of horses, and shouting of voices alarmed them. She sprang from their arms and wildly exclaiming, "Fly, fly!" ran rapidly up the side of the cliff,—James pulled his brother violently, and he half-fell, half-rolled to its base. In a second they were in the boat, and pulling towards the vessel, when Edward, looking back, saw Janet lying senseless upon the cliff. "We cannot leave her thus," said he, and was once more returning; but at that moment the pursuers appeared on the shore. "Land this instant," exclaimed the commander of the cavalry, "or your blood be upon your own heads!" They answered only by new exertions to escape, when the word was given to fire. One ball passed through the heart of Edward, and another through the arm of James; while the boat became masterless, and floated towards the shore with the tide. Janet was sufficiently sensible to perceive her lover's death, but immediately relapsed, and never afterwards recovered. She died within a "little month," of consumption, as her neighbours would say,—but there were some few who knew otherwise.

"One faint heart-broken sigh she gave,  
Then sank into her virgin grave;  
Deep, deep,—where never care nor pain,  
Shall vex her innocent heart again!"

### THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loaves and who wins; who's in and who's out,  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE

**Rob Roy.**—This reputed chief of the warlike Macgregors was the hero of various exploits, commemorated in traditional story; and many of his "deeds of fame" display a generous magnanimity, which, in happier circumstances, might have rendered him an eminent benefactor of the human race. In early youth, he was distinguished by a passionate admiration of the poetry of his country, and he is said to have recited several thousand lines. Rob Roy's intimate acquaintance with the soul-exalting relics of bardic composition, no doubt, tended to inspire the liberal humanity, which softened the harsher features of his intrepid—or, perhaps, desperate character. The love of nature led him in boyhood, and in maturer age, to delight in wandering alone through the hills and glens of his native land. In peaceful times, he would, probably, have been conspicuous as a poet; and if instead of aggression, he had found protection from the powerful borderers of his little property, he was gifted with talents to anticipate the translator of Ossian. Tradition makes him the deliverer of many distressed damsels. On one occasion, travelling alone through the sequestered passes of Glenieve, his natural taste for the sublime was excited by the picturesque grandeur of those romantic scenes. The sun had nearly dipped his golden hair in the western main; but some parting tinges played upon the rugged towering pinnacles of Cruachan, and the profound tranquillity of nature was unbroken, except by gentle murmurs of the tides, that with solemn placidity gave a character of life to the waters of the lake. He threw himself along a mossy rock, and gazed on the magnificent perspective, until the slim outline could scarcely be traced, between him and the horizon. From enrapturing reveries, he was startled by female shrieks; and drawing his trusty blade, he sprang forward to follow the sound. The shrieks were stifled; but the voices of

men drew nearer, and they seemed in hot altercation. Rob Roy laid himself down among "tall rank grass of the wild," and distinctly could hear two persons disputing in a high English accent. The one expostulated in behalf of a captive lady—the other insisted upon his right to extort a compliance with his dishonorable solicitations. They still proceeded, through trackless paths; and Macgregor, with silent determination, pursued.

They soon disappeared, as if elves of the wood had descended to their Tomhaws. The screams of a female furnished a direction; while the Celt no longer stood in perplexity, and he lost not a moment in shaping his course according to the sounds, which led him to a decayed turret, the only remains of a fortress, situated upon a craggy eminence. The voice was, at times, suppressed, and then burst forth with frenzied energy. Rob Roy feared not the face, nor the arm of man; but he afterwards confessed, that early impressions of supernatural agency daunted his courage. Again he recollected, that "the gleaming counterspell, the steel of the mighty, was in his hand," and he pressed onwards, to unravel the mystery. He could discover no door, no window, in the half-ruined tower; but he perceived, after surrounding the rock, that from a tangling thicket the tones of distress were most audible. The moon emitted some feeble rays, by which he discovered a vaulted passage, which, with cautious steps, he explored. A faint glimmering of light guided him, where, with disordered dress, dishevelled tresses, and a lovely countenance, marked by tears, he found in a large apartment, a female stretched upon some grass, nearly exhausted by violent efforts. On seeing Rob Roy, she attempted to rise, saying, "If you come to end my life, cheerfully shall I meet the blow. Death is my only refuge." "Yield not to despair, lady," he replied; "Rob Roy Macgregor comes to release you. But every moment is precious, quickly tell me your name and your wrongs." "I am," said the lady, "a daughter of the chief of—, treacherously decoyed from the castle of my father, by a knight of England. He and his friend were visitors; they persuaded my mother to let me go out to ride with them, to learn some of the fine performances of English ladies in hunting; and after going some miles; I was forced into a stranger sloop, and carried away. I now find that each of the friends had designs on me. They deceived each other; but the younger has honour and pity." "Remain as you are," said Rob Roy, "I hope soon to return with good tidings." The chief, with an air of authority, stalked into a vault, where two gentlemen were harshly debating, and three armed men paced the floor. They all shrunk back from the terrible apparition. "Shame to manhood!" said Macgregor. "A lady of high birth insulted! tremble! for even the demons of darkness are stirring in her cause." After a pause, the elder knight said, "You, at least, are no airy demon, but substantial flesh and blood, and shall feel this, if you do not instantly take yourself off." He made a push at Rob Roy, as he spoke; but the chief was the most dexterous swordsman of the age, and soon laid his adversary at his feet. Calling for a parley, the younger knight was disposed to restore the lady; nor did the mercenary seamen oppose it, being unwilling to risk the consequences, when no further reward from their employer could be expected. Rob Roy bound up the wound of the elder knight, and by a shorter way, he and the lady were conveyed to the sea-side. In less than forty hours, the battlements of— castle were visible. At some distance from the common landing place, Macgregor desired to be put on shore. He proceeded with rapid steps to the castle, to inform the chief of his daughter's safety,

and to claim his hospitality for the wounded knight, for whose security he had pledged his honour. The younger knight was married to the lady, and the elder suffered to depart, unmolested, to his own country, for the chief considered himself bound in honour and gratitude, to fulfil the terms promised by Rob Roy.

In ancient times, and among chiefs of more modern date, the engagements made by a friend were esteemed inviolable by the party concerned.

A rivulet, which runs near the spot where Fletcher of Cameron, a follower of the Macgregor chief, murdered the boys who came as spectators of the battle of Luss, is called the stream of young ghosts; and it is believed, that if crossed by a Macgregor after sunset, he will be scared by unhallowed spectres. This is a remarkable proof that superstition is not only irrational, but unjust; since neither of the alleged murderers were of the Macgregor clan, and the chief, when he compelled the boys to enter the church, instead of standing exposed to random shots from the combatants, had no view but to preserve their lives, and to detain them as hostages, if circumstances required a pledge for the safety of his own people. Yet superstition represents the ghosts of the victims peculiarly hostile to the clan of Macgregor. So late as the year 1757, every spring, the tragical fate of the scholars of Dunbarton was commemorated by the boys of that ancient town. They assembled on the supposed anniversary; the dux of the highest class was laid on a bier, covered with the clergyman's gown, and carried by his companions to a grave, previously opened. The whole school, bearing wooden guns reversed, performed the ceremony of interment, and recited Gaelic odes over the dead, allusive to the horrible massacre.

There are records to show that Sir Humphrey, laird of Luss, under pretence of desiring a permanent reconciliation, invited Macgregor of Glenstrae, and the principal vassals of his clan, to meet him at Lennox; but he prepared five hundred horsemen, and three hundred foot, to form an ambuscade, and cut off the retreat of the Macgregors. Their chief came from Rannock, with only two hundred followers; but they were a chosen band; and having discovered symptoms of enmity in the Colquhouns, they marched homewards with due precaution. At Glenfruin they were attacked, and the youths from Dunbarton school having come out to view the fray, Macgregor anxious to secure hostages from among the sons of so many powerful tribes, surrounded and confined them in the church, as we formerly related. The Macgregors had no friend at court to contradict the misrepresentations of their powerful foes. All their loyal services were forgotten—all they had done and suffered for the gallant Bruce—all their achievements with Glencairn, and several Highland clans, when they defeated Cromwell's troops at *Aberfoyle*. They were prohibited from bearing their hereditary name, and hunted with blood-hounds, like the most noxious beasts of prey. These cruelties form the best apology for Rob Roy, and his clan, in retailing upon their oppressors; and no act of cruelty or meanness has been imputed to Rob Roy. The lawless propensities of a freebooter were softened by the humanizing influence of a poetical imagination, and in some measure exalted by the pride of ancestry, and natural greatness of soul. His death was in conformity to the romantic peculiarities of his life. A life of harassing vicissitude had undermined his robust constitution, but his spirit was unsubdued, though his person evidently sunk under decay; and after manfully resisting his infirmities, he was confined to bed, when a gentleman who had done him a wrong came to see him. Being informed, that the stranger asked admission to his chamber, he exclaimed, that "an enemy must not behold

Rob Roy Macgregor in the posture of defeat." He made his family raise him up, put on his clothes, and warlike accoutrements, and then he received the visitor with dignified civility. When he was gone, the dying man desired to be again laid in bed, and ordered the piper to be called in. He cordially shook hands with "the voice of war," instructing him to play "*cha teill mi tuille*"—(I shall never return,) and not to cease sounding the pipes, while breath remained in the breast of Rob Roy. He was punctually obeyed, and expired with "the voice of battle" pealing around him.

**Collins and Cumberland.**—Mr. D'Israeli, in his new Series of Literary Curiosities, gives the following very interesting anecdote:—Anthony Collins wrote several well-known works without prefixing his name; but having pushed too far his curious inquiries on some obscure and polemical points, he incurred the odium of a *free-thinker*, a term which then began to be in vogue, and which the French adopted, by translating it in their way, a *strong thinker*, or *esprit fort*. Whatever tendency to "liberalize" the mind from dogma and creeds prevails in these works, the talents and learning of Collins were of the first class. His morals were immaculate, and his personal character independent; but the odium *theologicum* of those days contrived every means to stab in the dark, till the taste became hereditary with some. I shall mention a fact of this cruel bigotry, which occurred within my own observation, on one of the most polished men of the age. The late Mr. Cumberland, in the romance entitled his "*Life*," gave this extraordinary fact, that Dr. Bentley, who so ably replied by his "*Remarks*," under the name of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, to Collins's "*Discourse on Free-thinking*," when many years afterwards he discovered him fallen into great distress, conceiving that by having ruined Collins's character as a writer for ever, he had been the occasion of his personal misery, he liberally contributed to his maintenance.—In vain I mentioned to that elegant writer, who was not curious about facts, that this person never could have been Anthony Collins; who had always a plentiful fortune; and when it was suggested to him that this "A. Collins," as he printed it, must have been Arthur Collins, the historical compiler, who was often in pecuniary difficulties, still he persisted in sending the lie down to posterity, *totidem verbis*, without alteration in his second edition—observing to a friend of mine, that "the story, while it told well, might serve as a striking instance of his great relative's generosity; and that it *should stand*, because it could do no harm to any but Anthony Collins, whom he considered as little short of an atheist."—So much for this *pious fraud*! But be it recollected, that this Anthony Collins was the confidential friend of Locke, of whom Locke said on his dying bed, that "Collins was a man whom he valued in the first rank of those he left behind him." And the last words of Collins on his own death-bed were, that "he was persuaded he was going to that place which God had designed for them that love him."

**Old Words.**—A collection of picturesque words found among ancient writers, would constitute a precious supplement to the history of our language. Far more expressive than our term of executioner is their solemn one of the *deathman*; than our *vagabond*, their *scatterling*. How finely Herrick employs the word *pittering*, as applied to the grasshopper! It describes its peculiar shrill and short cry. —[The cry of the grasshopper is *pit! pit!* quickly repeated.]—Envy, "*duking the lustre*" of genius, is a verb lost for us, but which gives a more precise expression to the feeling than any other words which we could use.



## THE TRAVELLER.

*'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.* COWPER.

*A Trip to Shrewsbury and Long Branch.*  
No. I.

There is nothing perhaps, better calculated to elicit pleasure, enliven the affections, and add to the enjoyments of our citizens generally, than short and rural excursions to the country which surrounds our city, during the violent heat of the summer months. Having just returned from a short, though pleasing visit to a neighbouring village, which was considerably enhanced in pleasure, in consequence of the company of *Friends*. I had remained but a week in New-York, before my friend W\*\*\*\*\* very kindly invited me to accompany him on a visit to Shrewsbury among his friends.

My fondness for the country, at that season of the year, when nature is replete with all that can charm or please, when the fields are covered with the rich fruits of industry, and the trees are bending under the luxuriant foliage of nature, when every thing wears a constant and delightful aspect; added to the idea of visiting a place in which I had never before been, very easily drew me to the conclusion, that I ought to accept the proposition. I felt that there was at least a certainty of enjoying pure air, and a prospect of becoming acquainted with persons whose faces I had never seen. The offer accepted, I willingly exchanged the impure atmosphere of our streets, for a very pleasant and shaded retreat on board the Steam-boat Franklin. We soon observed that we should not be alone: a considerable number of gentlemen and ladies came "in the full tide of successful" perspiration, and seated themselves under the delightful awning that screened us from the piercing rays of Phebus, who, by this time had nearly arrived at his meridian, and almost vertical height. At length the bell rang for the last time, and we heard the grum sound of "all aboard."

It was eleven, and we very prettily glided from the dock. The noise of the cartman, the "he, ho, he, vo," of the sturdy tars on ship-board, and the bustle ever attending the city at this hour of the morning, gradually ceased to vibrate on our ears, and in their place, we heard little else, except the splashing of the water-wheels and the rattling of that wonderful machinery which was propelling us along.

A delightful breeze gently stole through the aperture, between the deck and the awning, fanning our weary limbs and invigorating our bodies.

The city receded fast from our view, and our attention was arrested with the charming landscape, which became more and more inviting on our right and on our left, and scarcely any thing remained in sight in our rear, to remind us, that we had left a city containing nearly 150,000 souls, save the tall spires of its sanctuaries, that overlooked the fort on Governor's Island.

We now began to look around in order to observe what distinguished personages helped to make up the number of about fifty passengers, composing our circle; for it is not uncommon in these little excursions from the city, to meet with and become the table companions, for the time being, of some person or persons, whose fame has travelled from the domestic and obscure huts of poverty, to the palaces and courts of distant countries: who have perhaps, filled the chair of state, thundered in the councils of our cabinet, or wielded the sword amidst the carnage of war, in defence of their country's rights.

Fortune did not certainly at this time throw in our way an extensive assort-

ment of this kind of company. A few dry goods men, accompanied with their families, some of whom were labouring under the diseases incident to city life at this season, with here and there a solitary and eccentric individual, who appeared to be company for nobody but himself, were the principal persons composing our little party. We however recognised among the number our friend P\*\*\*\*, whose dexterity in the management of difficult cases in law, and touching eloquence in behalf of suffering innocence, when engaged at the bar of justice in our city, are too well known, to need any comment or illustration.

Arrived at quarantine, we observed a great number of vessels of different sorts, waiting for permission from the health officer to proceed up to the city; among these we noticed the U. S. sloop of war Cyane. Staten-Island presented a very pretty appearance, exhibiting among other scenes, a distinct view of the seat of the Vice-President.

A boat came alongside, and another passenger was ushered on board, bringing with him a large seaman's chest and box, which we occasionally heard remarked, contained in all probability a full cargo of yellow fever, which the owner thereof, it is most likely, from the heavy tonnage duties on the article in question, appeared unwilling to attempt smuggling into the New-York market by water; he had only to land on the Jersey shore, where he might take a night's lodging, and be ready to pursue a circuitous land navigation to the city by way of Powles Hook, when it would be easy to arrive before night, thus avoiding a thirty days quarantine, and bringing his cargo safe into port, free from custom-house duties.

Forts Diamond and Richmond at the Narrows, now appeared in full view before us, and the republicanism of all on board burst forth in an enthusiastic expression of that *amor patriæ*, for which our countrymen of all classes are so much renowned. They certainly present an impregnable front; and I think at some future day may be found somewhat in the way of our enemies, should they attempt coercing a passage up the bay, without obtaining a polite passport. An old gentleman here entertained us with some very just remarks, respecting this kind of engineering, founded on observation and practical experience during the revolutionary war. We were also regaled, by a person no less volatile than eccentric, and whom I soon perceived to be a foreigner, with some very extraordinary feats, through which he had recently passed in Monmouth county jail. I understood this to be a Capt. \*\*\*\*\* a native of the Isle of France, a man of very considerable property, who had located himself in the township of Shrewsbury, and owned a very considerable farm in said township. Many curious anecdotes were related concerning him, while on board, and after our arrival.

Having passed the forts, we soon perceived by the rocking of the boat, that we had changed waters. On inquiry, we found we were crossing the bay leading up to Amboy and New-Brunswick, which is apparently an arm or estuary of the Atlantic.

The light-house at the Hook, with the surrounding beacons, situated on a barren and sterile waste of sand, driven into bluffs by the bleak and rude attacks of Boreas, presented a lonesome, though at this season a pleasant retirement: here, thought I, a Zimmerman might have feasted his soul with his favourite solitude. There appeared but one house, which the skill of its occupant had contrived to surround with a few poplars. We gained fast upon it, and at length when we arrived opposite, the bell rang for dinner. This signal immediately drew the whole party to the entrance of the state-room, and every sear having been forced to follow the example of Jonah of

old, was instantly plunged headlong into the sea, and we huddled together in crowds, till we found ourselves very agreeably seated at a table, spread with all the luxuries of comfort and good order. My appetite, in consequence of the wholesomeness of the air I had enjoyed, was extremely good; and I must confess I have seldom dined at a better table. Good servants were provided, and the attention, cleanliness, and politeness throughout the whole were certainly very creditable to the proprietors.

Dinner over, the walk was again resumed on deck; we found ourselves out of sight of the light-house, in what the boatmen call Neversink river, in full view of the celebrated hills of that name on our right. They presented a lofty and majestic appearance, and were covered in part with trees of a second growth, interspersed with here and there, a lofty pine, which from its towering height, seemed to look down with disdain upon the puerile vanity of the surrounding scenery. Alas, thought I, how many tears of joy have been shed by my fellow-mortals, from a glimpse of these stately pines, on their approach for the first time to the new world. How many hearts, worn down by hunger, cold, thirst and fatigue, have burst forth in ecstatic gratitude to their deliverer, for the prospect of again visiting, in the domestic circle of family comfort, their near and dear friends. And how many, even after these hills were in sight, have been dashed in awful shipwreck upon the coast, and found a watery grave!

I understood that the pass in which we were floating, had been made within a few years, by some violent excavation of the sea. The very excellent clams which supply our market, I was told are caught in abundance on the banks of this river. The channel appeared crooked and difficult; however, our very skilful pilot appeared to know his duty, and carried us along safe from every danger. Doubling a point of land on our right, we proceeded up a sort of creek, which I am informed is called North river, and soon arrived at a place known by the name of the Lower dock; a considerable number of carriages, somewhat peculiar in their appearance, but extremely convenient, were waiting for passengers. Several here left the boat, among whom were our friend P\*\*\*\* and the eccentric and sociable Captain \*\*\*\*\*; our hats were waved in token of a polite adieu, and we were again on our way up the river. After about thirty minutes we arrived at the Upper dock at four o'clock P. M.

I cannot here fail to apprise the reader of a singular, and to geologists, somewhat of an interesting fact. The banks of the river appeared of the redness of bricks, except about a third of the distance nearest the water, the colour assumed a blackish hue; inquiry of course was on the tip-toe, whenever any thing occurred, or was discovered, which we did not understand. The black substance, we were informed, was marl, which has recently become so celebrated for its superior excellence in enriching the soil. As at the other dock, we found a number of the same kind of vehicles in readiness to take the passengers from on board: we engaged seats in one, paid two shillings each, and arrived at Shrewsbury through a well cultivated country at about five P. M.

Nothing could exceed the attention and politeness of the venerable family, that my friend had invited me to visit. Every thing was plain but neat; a conclusive evidence of the superior style in which household affairs are managed among Quakers. I had, for the most part of the afternoon, been most severely afflicted with my usual and unpleasant companion, the head-ache; an excellent dish of tea was therefore provided, and drank in the true spirit of *Friend-ly* hospitality, after which I thought proper to retire.

## THE DRAMA.

*—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts will attend.* BROOKS.

## LONDON THEATRES.

*Hay Market Theatre.*—The opening of this Theatre for the season took place on the 16th of June, when the house was attended by a very numerous audience. The performances commenced with a little piece called "Summer Flies, or the Will for the Deed." It is light, humorous, and suitable for the season.—The Comedy of "A Cure for the Heart-Ache" followed, and the characters were well assigned.—Old Rapid was well supported by Liston. Vining, from the Bath Theatre, was the Young Rapid, and he gave a very lively and entertaining portrait of the gay heir of the Knight of the Needle, and "kept moving" through the play with humour and spirit as well as agility. He received great applause from the audience throughout his performance. He is a genteel well-looking young man. Mrs. Orger, by her representation of Miss Vortex, proved that hitherto sufficient scope has not been given to her talents. Mr. West, the husband of Mrs. W. West, one of the chief ornaments of Drury-lane Theatre, gave a natural and spirited support to the part of Frank Oatland.—Williams, one of the respectable standard actors of this theatre, was a good Vortex, and the part of Sir Herbert Stanley was properly allotted to Younger, a very sensible and judicious performer. Mrs. Chatterley did not lessen the interest of *Jessy Oatland*. The Comedy altogether went off with éclat, and was followed by the whimsical farce of *Family Jars*, which received all the force of novelty from the humorous exertions of Liston, Terry, and West.

A new comedy, from the pen of Mr. Kenny, was read in the Green-room a few days before the opening of this Theatre, which is said to possess much intrinsic merit; and if so, its success must be certain, as the characters will combine the talents of Liston, Terry, Vining, Davies (who performed *Macheath* last season), Mrs. Vestris, Miss Love, and Miss Chester, all of whom are stated to be pleased with their respective allotments.

*First Drama.*—A Jewish play, of which fragments are still preserved in Greek lambics, is the first drama known to have been written on a Scripture subject. It is taken from the Exodus, or the departure of the Israelites from Egypt under their leader and prophet Moses.—The principle characters are Moses, Sapphira, and God from the bush, or God speaking from the burning bush. Moses delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of the play is Ezekiel, a Jew, who is called the tragic poet of the Jews. Warton supposes that he wrote it after the destruction of Jerusalem, as a political spectacle to animate his dispersed brethren with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity under the conduct of a new Moses; and that it was composed in imitation of the Greek drama at the close of the second century.

## AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

CIRCUS, BROADWAY, every evening, performance to commence at eight o'clock Boxes 50 cents, Pit 25 cents, children under 10 years of age admitted to the boxes with families at 25 cents.

PAVILION THEATRE, CHATHAM GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 25 cents

AMPHITHEATRE, RICHMOND HILL GARDEN, performance to commence at 8



o'clock; admission 25 cents, to the boxes 12½ cents extra.

WASHINGTON THEATRE, COLUMBIAN GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 12½ cents.

AMERICAN MUSEUM, Park; admission 25 cents.

PAFF'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

MECHANICAL PANORAMA, Broadway admission 25 cents.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MEMOIRS OF M. DE REAUMUR.

Rene Anthony Ferchault, Lord of Reaumur, was born at Rochelle in the year 1683: he studied philosophy at the Jesuits College at Poitiers; and in 1703 he went to Paris, where he applied himself wholly to mathematics and natural philosophy. In 1708 being then only twenty-four years of age, he was chosen a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and, during that and the following year, he described a general method of finding and ascertaining all curves described by the extremity of a right line, the other end of which is moved round a given curve, and by lines which fall upon a given curve under a certain angle greater or less than a right angle.

In the year 1710, he read his observations on the formation of shells, in which he proved that they grow, not like the other parts of the animal body by expansion, but by the external addition of new parts: He also assigned the cause of the variety in colour, figure, and magnitude, which distinguishes one shell from another. During the experiments which this inquiry led him to make upon snails, he discovered a very singular insect, which lives not only on these animals, but burrows in their bodies; a situation which it never leaves, unless it is forced out of it by the snail. This inquiry also gave occasion to M. Reaumur to account for the progressive motion of restaceous animals of different kinds, and to describe and explain an almost endless variety of organs which the Author of nature has adapted for that purpose.

He produced, also, the same year, the Natural History of Cobwebs. M. Bon the first President of the Chamber of Accounts at Montpellier, had shewn that the webs, made by the spiders to deposit their eggs in, might be spun into a kind of silk applicable to useful purposes, but it was still necessary to determine whether spiders could be bred in sufficient numbers without an expense too great for the undertaking to bear; and M. Reaumur soon found that M. Bon's discovery was a mere matter of curiosity, and that the commercial world could derive no advantage from these webs.

It has been long known, that many marine animals adhere to solid bodies of various kinds, either by an attachment which continues during their existence, or which they can determine at pleasure; but how this attachment was formed, remained a secret, till it was discovered by M. Reaumur, to whose inquiries we are indebted for our knowledge of many organs and materials adapted to that purpose, of which we had no conception before. In the course of this inquiry, M. Reaumur discovered a fish different from that which furnished the ancients with their Tyrian dye, but which has the same property in a yet greater degree. On the sides of this fish there are small grains, like those of a small roe, which, being broken, yields a fine full yellow colour, and on exposure for a few minutes to the air, it becomes a beautiful purple.

About the same time, M. Reaumur made a great variety of experiments, to discover whether the strength of a cord

was greater or less than the sum of the strength of the threads of which it consists. It was generally believed that the strength of the cord was greater, but M. Reaumur's experiments proved it to be less, whence it necessarily follows, that the less a cord differs from an assemblage of parallel threads, that is, the less it is twisted, the stronger it is.

It had been long asserted, by those who lived on the sea-coast, or the banks of great rivers, that when crawfish, crabs, and lobsters, happen to lose a claw, nature produces another in its stead. This, however, was disbelieved by all but the vulgar, till M. Reaumur put the matter out of dispute, and traced the reproduction through all its circumstances, which are even more singular than the thing itself.

M. Reaumur, after many experiments made with the torpedo, or numb-fish, maintained that its effect was not produced by an emission of torporific particles, as some have supposed, but by the great quickness of a stroke given by this fish to the limb that touches it, by muscles of a most admirable structure, which are adapted to that purpose.

It had long been a received opinion, that turquoise stones were found only in Persia; but M. de Reaumur discovered mines of them in Languedoc; he ascertained the degree of heat necessary to give them their colour, and the proper form and dimensions of the furnace; he proved, also, that the turquoise is no more than a fossil bone petrified, coloured by a metallic solution which fire causes to spread; and that the turquoises of France are at least equal in beauty and size to those of the east.

M. de Reaumur also discovered the secret of making artificial pearls, and the substance necessary to give them their colour, which is taken from a little fish, called able, or ablette. He drew up, at the same time, a dissertation upon the true pearl, which he supposed to be a morbid concretion in the body of the animal.

M. de Reaumur soon after published the history of the auriferous rivers of France, in which he has given a very particular account of the manner of separating the grains of gold from the sand with which it is mixed. Among other memoirs he drew up the following: 1st, Concerning the vast bank of fossil shells, which, in Touraine, is dug for manure, called salum: 2d, On flints, proving that they are only more penetrated by a stony juice, or, if the expression may be allowed, more stonified than other stones, though less than rock crystal: 3d, On the nostoch, a singular plant, which appears only after hard rains in the summer, under a gelatinous form, and soon after disappears: 4th, On the light of dails, a kind of shell-fish, which shines in the dark, but loses its lustre as it grows stale: 5th, On the facility with which iron and steel become magnetic by percussion.

In 1722, he published a work entitled "The Art of converting Iron into Steel, and of rendering cast iron ductile." For discovering this secret the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, gave him a pension of 12,000 livres a year, which at his request, was settled on the Academy after his death, to be applied for defraying the expenses of future attempts to improve the arts. M. de Reaumur also discovered the secret of making tin, as it was practised in Germany; and his countrymen instructed in that useful manufacture, no longer imported tin from abroad. He likewise invented the art of making porcelain.

M. Reaumur was the first that reduced thermometers to a common standard, so as that the cold, indicated by a thermometer in one place, might be compared with the cold indicated by a thermometer in another; in other words, he prescribed rules by which two thermome-

ters might be constructed, that would exactly coincide with each other through all the changes of heat and cold. He fixed the middle term, or zero, of his division of the tube, at the point to which the liquor rises when the bulb is plunged in water that is beginning to freeze; he described a method of regulating the divisions in proportion to the quantity of liquor, and not by the aliquot parts of the length of the tube; and he directed how spirits of wine might be reduced to one certain degree of dilatibility. Thermometers, constructed upon these principles, were called Reaumur's thermometers, and soon took place of all others then known.

M. de Reaumur invented the art of preserving eggs, and of hatching them; this art had been long known and practised in Egypt, but to the rest of the world was an impenetrable secret: M. de Reaumur found out and described many ways of producing an artificial warmth in which chickens might be hatched, and some by the application of fires used for other purposes; he shewed how chickens might be hatched in a dunghill; he invented long cages, in which the callow brood were preserved in their first state, with fur cases to them to creep under instead of the hen's bosom; and he prescribed proper food for them of such things as are every where to be procured in great plenty.

He found also that eggs might be kept fresh, and fit for incubation many years, by washing them with a varnish of oil, grease, or any other substance, that would effectually stop the pores of the shell, and prevent the contents from evaporating; by this contrivance, eggs may not only be preserved for eating or hatching in the hottest climates, but the eggs of birds of every kind may be transported from one climate to another, and the breed of those that could not survive a long voyage, propagated in the most distant part of the world.

While he was employed in these discoveries, he was gradually proceeding in another work, "The History of Insects;" the first volume of which he published in 1734. This volume contains the history of caterpillars, which he divides into seven classes, each of a distinct kind and character; he describes the manner in which they subsist, as well under the form of caterpillars, as in the chrysalis state; the several changes which they undergo, their manner of taking food, and of spinning their webs.

The second volume, which was published in 1736, is a continuation of the same subject, and describes caterpillars in their third state, that of butterflies, with all the curious particulars relating to their figure and colour, the beautiful dust with which they are powdered, and their coupling and laying their eggs where their young may most conveniently find shelter and food.

The third volume contains the history of moths, not only those which are so pernicious to cloths and furniture, but those which live among the leaves of trees, and in the water. This volume also contains the history of the vine freter, an insect not less destructive to our gardens, than the moth to furniture; with an account of the worm that devours them, and the galls produced on trees by the puncture of some insect which often serve them for habitations.

From the gall, or gall-nut, properly so called, M. Reaumur proceeds in his fourth volume to the history of those protuberances which, though galls in appearance, are really insects, but condemned by nature to remain for ever fixed and unmoveable on the branches of trees, and he discloses the astonishing mystery of their multiplication. He then proceeds to give an account of flies with two wings and of the worms in which they pass the first part of their lives; this article includes the very sin-

gular history of the gnat. The fifth volume treats of four-winged flies, and among others of the bee, concerning which he refutes many groundless opinions, and establishes others not less extraordinary.

The bee is not the only fly that makes honey; many species of the same genus live separate, or in little societies. The history of these begins the sixth and last volume, and contains a description of the recesses in which they deposit and secure their eggs, with proper nourishment for the worms they produce till their transformation. The author then proceeds to the history of wasps as well those who live separate, as in companies, to that of the lion-pismire, the horseting, and lastly, to the fly called an ephemeron, a very singular insect, which, after having lived in the water three years as a fish, lives as a fly only one day, during which it suffers its metamorphosis, couples, lays its eggs, and leaves its dead carcass upon the surface of the water which it had inhabited. To this volume there is a preface, containing the wonderful discovery of the polypus, an animal that multiplies without coupling, that moves with equal facility upon its back or its belly, and each part of which, when it is divided, becomes a complete animal, a property then thought singular, but since found to be possessed by several other animals.

It had long been a question amongst anatomists, whether digestion is performed by solution or trituration: M. de Reaumur, by dissecting a great number of birds of different kinds, and by many singular experiments, discovered that the digestion of carnivorous birds is performed by solution, without any action of the stomach itself upon the aliments received in it; and that, on the contrary, the digestion of granivorous birds is effected wholly by grinding, or trituration, which is performed with a force sufficient to break the hardest substance.

M. de Reaumur, during the course of his experiments on birds, remarked the amazing art with which the several species of these animals build their nest.—His observations on this subject he communicated to the Society in 1756; and this memoir was the last that he exhibited. He died by a hurt in his head, received from a fall on the 17th of October, 1758, aged 75 years. He was a man of great ingenuity and learning, of the strictest integrity and honour, the warmest benevolence, and the most extensive liberality.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.  
CAMPELLE.

On the Coral Banks and Reefs of the Ocean.  
By DR. J. MAC CULLOCH.

The production of the coral islands which are scattered over the great Pacific Ocean, which endanger the navigation of the Indian Archipelago, and which, by their daily increase, are ruining that of the Red Sea, is a phenomenon completely distinguished from all the others which are objects of geological investigation. By the silent and almost unnoticed operations of the minutest animals of creation, the foundations of new lands are daily preparing under the ocean. Nor, as in the case of other submarine formations, are these operations limited to the germs of future and distant continents and islands, and destined only for the habitations of races in the far remote and merely possible future. In consequence of the instincts of these animals, assisted by other causes, which will presently be described, the rocks which they form become elevated above the sea without the necessity of those actions which have raised other submarine strata



from below. Thus daily additions are made to the habitable surface of the earth, and islands gradually arise in the wastes of the ocean, enlarging the dominion of man, and promising to unite the remotest continents in the bonds of mutual intercourse. Such is the nature of the animals that, instead of spreading their manufactures, if I may use such a word, along the bottom of the ocean, as the shell-fish do, and concealing their stupendous works far beneath the regions accessible to man, their tendency is to seek the surface of the sea. There the huge strata which they produce are brought to light, even during their own and our existence, and we become acquainted with rocks that may be considered as fossil and living at the same time. When once the animals have deserted their habitations, when these have reached, as they do, above the surface of the water, and even far up into dry land, into islands of great extent, they must be considered fossil productions, as much as any other calcareous strata.

It appears that each coral, whatever its species be, is a solid calcareous structure, somewhat resembling a vegetable in the general progress and increase of its parts, inhabited by numerous similar animals, which are precisely the same for each individual coral, but different in the different species. Each of these corals may thus be considered as a colony, the inhabitants being disposed in minute cells, where they reside and carry on the operation of extending their habitations. In these operations, however independently each seems to act in the production of its own cell, or in the extension of its own immediate neighbourhood, the whole are regulated by some common mysterious principle, by which they all concur towards the production of a structure that would rather seem to have been directed by one mind. Now nothing very analogous to this takes place in the animal creation, except in the case of the gregarious insects, that construct a common habitation for breeding, such as the bees and the ants. In these there is a possibility of personal communication; and that there is such, is proved by the accurate researches of many naturalists. No such communication can take place among the coral animals, because each is fixed and rooted to its cell, of which it forms a part. It may be considered, indeed, that the whole of the colony are parts of the structure which they inhabit, just as flowers are of a plant.

The different species of corals engaged in the formation of the coral banks are not all known; but some of the genera, at least, and a few of the species, have been ascertained. The chief of these are madrepore of different kinds; millepore, among which the *corulea* has been discovered; the *tubipora musica*; a *caryophyllia*, *distichopora*, and *corallina*. *Astrea*, *echini*, and other animals, living and dying on the banks, add to the heap of calcareous matter, without being properly concerned in the erection of the structures. Frequently also, holothurians, and other soft worms, are found in the reefs, and have, by careless observers, been mistaken for the coral animals.

Nearly all the islands that lie on the south of the equator, between New Holland and the western coast of America, derive either the whole or a great part of their structure from these animals. The whole of that sea, and indeed of some others, abounds in coral rocks and reefs, which are in a state of daily and rapid increase, and are probably destined at some future day to elevate themselves to the level of the water; to become first the seats of vegetation; and, in process of time, the habitations of man; and perhaps ultimately to produce scarcely less than a continent in this extensive ocean.

Among other places, these reefs abound particularly between New Holland, New Caledonia, and New Guinea; and they

are well known to exist in great abundance in the seas of the Indian Archipelago, as at Chagos, Juan de Nova, Cosmoledo, Assumption, Cocos, Amirante, and the Laccadive and Maldivé islands. They are numerous also, in the east side of the gulf of Florida; and it is well known that they form a daily increasing impediment to the navigation of the Red Sea.

The extent of these reefs and islands is an object of great curiosity and surprise when we consider the apparent feebleness of the means by which they are produced, and the minuteness of the agents. An instance or two of this must suffice here. Tongataboo, described by Cook under this misapprehended name, is an irregular oval, twenty leagues in circumference, while its elevation is above the level of the water, reaches to ten feet. The soundings from which the thickness of this bed of rock might be estimated, have not been given, but these are known to be deep throughout all this sea, and may be taken at not less than 100 fathoms; so that the whole forms, what may be considered an enormous stratum of organic limestone. But the largest which appears to have been ascertained is the great reef on the east coast of New Holland, described by Flinders, which extends unbroken for a length of 350 miles; forming, together with others that are more or less separated from it, and from each other, a nearly continuous line of 1000 miles, or more in length, with a breadth varying from twenty to fifty miles. Before such a mountain of limestone as this even the Apennine almost shrinks in the comparison; and that such a mass should have been produced by such insignificant means, is a just subject of admiration to philosophical minds, and of wonder to those which have not considered the indefinite powers of units in endless addition.

Although the greatest depths of these submarine mountains have not been ascertained, they have been sounded to 200 fathoms and more. It is not uncommon for navigators, to say that they lie in depths that are out of sounding: a vague mode of expression among mariners, as it is now known that the lead can be sent down without difficulty even to a thousand fathoms. The reefs, or the islands which they form, are sometimes disposed in rows, or in lines more or less straight; at others they are accumulated in groups; and not unfrequently, they are disposed in a circular or oval manner; the latter disposition, whether on the small or great scale, having a material influence on the form and nature of the future island.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS

*Sea Sickness.*—Sea sickness is not caused so much by the motion of the ship or vessel, as on a certain motion made by the human body induced by a sort of almost involuntary endeavour to accommodate one's self to the ship's motion. Voyagers, who hold fast by the ropes or sides of the ship, so as to move with all its motions, and, in fact, make themselves for the time, as it were a part of the moving vessel, are less subject to it than others who sit down at their ease in a chair. An experienced traveller, in writing on the above subject, says that he could keep off the evil entirely by laying fast hold of the rudder or the sides of any vessel in which he happened to be, on the very first indication of the nausea.

*Gas Lights.*—Sir Wm. Congreve has, by the order of Government, published a very interesting report relative to the Gas Light Establishment of the Metropolis. The objects of his inquiry have principally been directed to the state of the various main and branch pipes, which have been some time in use, the means employed by several companies to pro-

duce and purify gas, the methods adopted for the suspension of gasometers, and the comparative strength of gunpowder and coal gas.—Sir William has ascertained, that a gasometer of 30,000 cubic feet capacity, when rendered explosive by a certain proportion of atmospheric air, would be equal in effect to 62 barrels of gunpowder!

*Extraordinary Appearance.*—A letter from Miribel says, that for some days past the appearance of an amphibious kind of animal, which had its retreat in the Rhone, has caused great alarm through all the adjacent country. It had been examined by the Lieutenant of the Wolf Chase, who reported to the local authorities, that he considers it an enormous serpent or crocodile. Preparations were making to take and destroy this terror of the place.

#### LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.  
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

*Isabella: a Novel.* By the Author of *Rhoda*. Boston: Wells & Lilly. 1823.

The object of this novel is development of character. It makes no claim to peculiarity of description, or singularity of incident. The events are such as might easily occur, and perhaps do transpire in the course of every passing year. We are unacquainted with the author's name, or situation, or sex, or standing in the literary world; we know not whether the novel is popular, or the contrary; but we are free to give our opinion that *Isabella* is the production of one who possesses talent, cultivation, and knowledge of the human character. We have read it with interest and profit, and do not hesitate to recommend it to the readers of the *MINERVA*.

*Isabella Hastings* is the most prominent and interesting character. Educated by a mother whose whole soul, if such a person can be said to have a soul, is bent on the frivolities and follies of fashionable life, *Isabella* preserves the purity of her feelings and the rectitude of her principles. Her mother brings her up with the view of many other sage mothers, of settling her *handsomely* in life, or, in other words, of marrying her to a man of fashion, and wealth—sense, worth, and principle being secondary considerations. Under such auspices, *Isabella* is taught as a first duty to deaden her sensibilities, to stifle her feelings, and to hold herself ready for a sacrifice, when some man with a heavy purse and light character shall demand it. In obedience to her mother, which we cannot say we admire in such instances, she marries Mr. Willoughby, a man of fortune, fashion, and wealth. He is, however, a more respectable personage than the generality of mere fashionables. He has sense, although he does not make much use of it; generosity which becomes prodigality; and high and proud honour which does him little good, because it is leagued with wavering and unsteady principle. *Isabella* is too obedient a daughter to suit our taste; she marries Mr. Willoughby without loving him, in compliance with her mother's wishes, thinking, no doubt, that she is doing very right in following explicitly the directions of her low, narrow, and worldly-minded parent. But the worst is to come: unfortunately after marriage she becomes attached to her husband, and he begins to neglect her. She then forms a very praiseworthy resolution that she will win his fickle affections, and knowing him to be fond of elegant dissipation, she gives a splendid ball which does not happen to excite any great interest in him. She next goes to

the country to rusticate, and he goes to the Springs to dissipate. He loses his fortune, and, of course, his temper—she bears up under her misfortunes, and after a variety of attempts and projects, which we have no time to recount, succeeds at last in fixing his affections solely on herself.

There is much art in the manner of portraying Willoughby's character. He is a man of noble ancestry, honourable feelings, and ardent temperament, in whom nature planted the germ of much greatness and goodness, which an early acquaintance with the world choked and almost destroyed.

The struggles between innate principle and headlong passion, are well developed in his actions. Borne along on the tide of dissipation and folly by the impulse of excited feelings, surrounded by the vile, the foolish, and the unprincipled, he still finds time to listen while the voice of conscience upbraids; yet, like millions of his fellows, he sails on pleasure's treacherous wave with reason enough to know that he is doing wrong, and with passion enough to prevent him from doing right. It is only when satiety succeeds enjoyment, when he finds the hollowness of his base associates, and when goaded by remorse,

"That juggling fiend who never spake before,  
But cries, I warn'd thee, when the deed is o'er,"

that he begins his reformation; and this is natural, if we are not much deceived in our opinion of man's heart. It is not very often that we see the votary of pleasure rending asunder her bond, while she yet retains her inviting smile, and fascinating spell. We do not throw away the flower until we find that the canker-worm is wasting it; we do not dash the goblet to the earth until we discover the poison in its dregs; nor do we fly from a voluptuous and enticing field, until the serpent rears his crest beneath our feet.

Lady Charlotte Stanton is another striking character—a woman devoid of humanity, feeling, and morality; beautiful, artful, and cold hearted; assuming the mask of tenderness, to hide feelings that would disgrace a devil, is, we hope, a "rara avis in terris"—yet undoubtedly, such women have been and will be. The world has produced more than one *Messalina*. Hatred to *Isabella* is her ruling passion, and to destroy her happiness her only aim. She succeeds for a time, but her wild hopes, like Macbeth's witches, only baffle and lead to her own destruction. She ends a life, which is a curse to herself and to all around her, in well merited contempt and infamy. There is a moral warning in her actions and in her doom, which is rendered still more impressive, by the beauty with which she allures, and by the talents which she debases. An unprincipled woman, destitute of personal attractions and mental powers, is a pitiable, but not a dangerous character. But when loveliness and intellect blend in a female devoid of moral feeling, she may cause sin, and sorrow, and shame, for which years of penitence cannot atone.

Lady Racher Roper is rather imposing than interesting; one who excites more respect than love. If we may be allowed the expression, she is too *sublimated* for an inhabitant of our planet. She moves slowly and majestically before us, like "gorgeous tragedy in sceptred pall," a sublime queen of sorrows.

Sir Charles Seymour is a villain, and Mr. Dunston a fool;—nothing else need be said of either.

There are many other personages that take part in the events and interests of these leading characters, which are, with few exceptions, natural and well drawn, but not of such importance as to demand individual notice. We do not think it incumbent on us to designate the faults of the author; they are few and of course pardonable. When the errors of



a writer are many, and glaring, and stupid, they ought certainly to be censured, but it is illiberal to pick and cavil at the flight inaccuracies and faults of talent and taste.

J. G. B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## COMFORTS OF A VOYAGE BY SEA.

On a day in the early part of the last month, when the sun had just set, leaving in the horizon above him, a crimson glory, I embarked in a small vessel destined for the sea-coast of New-Jersey. The sky was serene and beautiful, the landscape was empurpled in the mists of twilight, and the breezes of heaven fanned us along. I felt a pleasurable emotion as I sat on the deck, viewing the brilliancy of the evening star, which I have so often watched by my casement at midnight. It reminded me of days long since gone by; it reminded me of thee, my dear Maria. I enjoyed a satisfaction in recalling the hours when we have gazed upon it together,—when thy vows, my beloved, were mingled with mine. The recollection was sweet, but it was mournful, for I have lost thee for ever! But why do I digress?

The city in the distance was illuminated with a thousand lamps, and, seated on the bosom of the deep, seemed like a fairy wonder. But soon we bounded before the gale; the light-house appeared and was rapidly passed; and I found myself, for the first time in my life, on the boundless ocean, which, compared with the streams where I had formerly sailed, seemed like infinity itself. The rocking of the vessel and the turbulence of the waves, convinced me that I was no longer on the placid river or the sheltered bay. I was on the wide main where the soul is lost in the contemplation of its immensity.

I seated myself at the prow, and became lost in meditation. I alternately ruminated on the scenes that I had passed, and the adventures that were to come. I felt more grave than usual; and divided from all that I knew or loved, I felt alone. But I had not much time for reflection, as my head became giddy, and my stomach was in an uproar. I felt a deadly sickness, and with difficulty staggered to my birth, where I laid in misery, which was not a little increased by the bilgy perfume of the cabin, and the presence of a set of uncivilized boatmen. I wished a thousand times that I had staid in the city. I would have given every thing to be relieved from the distress of my sea-sickness in the cribbed-up cabin of a paltry boat. But it was now too late, and I was left to repent, at leisure, of the folly of my jaunt. If Don Juan when he emerged from the surges of the Mediterranean, were as sick as myself, he must have been a heathen that would have refused to pity him. I would wish no greater calamity to an inveterate enemy, than that he should spend a night in the cabin of the Julian, of Dover, in the middle of summer, and be oppressed by a sea-sickness as distressing as mine. No person who has never been beyond Sandy Hook, can have any idea of the sufferings of those who have passed it; and, indeed, no man can pretend to a perfect knowledge of the world, if he have not been visited by this innocent, though torturing malady.

But, as I have already said, repentance was useless, and "chewing the foot of sweet and bitter fancy," I groaned aloud. The boatmen essayed to sympathize with my distress, but their sympathy was of no value, and I was as sick as ever. It is probable that a novel reading Miss, would think it very romantic to be in a boat above thirty miles on the sea. Before I had passed the Hook, I was of the same opinion. But I found

there was no room for sentimentality or romance in my disagreeable birth, where my head turned round with the velocity of a mill-stone. Byron and Moore, and Campbell and Rogers, were all forgotten in this unpleasant quandary, and I could no more endure the thought of the "Clear, placid Leman," or "the Vale of Avoca," than of calomel and jalap, or Sangrado's warm water.

My distress was not a little augmented by the introduction of garlic at the boatmen's supper, which diffused an odour throughout the cabin, and almost stifled me in my bed. In addition to this, I was disgusted with the aspect of the evening board, as well as the congregated visages of "mine hosts." In this miserable condition I felt disposed to adopt the language of Esplanade, "Oh! God of my soul, take me from hence, for this is no region for me!"

How remote from each other are the extreme points of happiness and misery! To what various emotions and feelings are the souls as well as the bodies of mankind in subjection. At one time the spirit is buoyant and happy, and we feel as if no addition could be made to the pleasure we enjoy. At another, the soul is subdued with despondency and anguish, when it is impossible to receive any accession of sorrow. At one time we will range over the meadow, or clambering to the top of a high hill, behold an extensive and beautiful landscape, with the song of the blue bird sounding in our ears: we will then feel delighted with the scene, and suffer no melancholy reflections to obtrude themselves upon us. At another, we will be tumbling in the dirty cabin of an ill-regulated coaster, fevered and sick, oppressed with faintness or wrung with the deadliest sensations, and perhaps cascading from night till morning. Such is the mutability of the destiny of man! No one can say in the midst of pleasure, "To-morrow I will be as glad as I am now;" for to-morrow, his frame may be racked by disease, or his soul be visited with the most exquisite torture. Though now he possess the treasures of India, and hold to his bosom his beloved wife, and see around him his darling offspring, to-morrow, he may be distressed by penury; to-morrow, his wife, or his children may be dead; to-morrow he may be friendless and forlorn! But I am for ever moralizing; let me return to myself.

After a night of torment, we arrived at the inlet of Barnegat. (Phœbus! what a name!) and sailed up Barnegat-bay until we arrived opposite a small place, classically called "Good Luck." Here I reposed, and enjoyed comparative felicity. The place was certainly of a rustic appearance, but the men were civil, the girls were handsome, and their eatables remarkably good. My hostess had a very neat table for the village of "Good Luck," and though she had no *café*, without which my friend Roger Roundhead declares that no man of taste can live, her bread and butter and radishes were excellent.

I staid only one night at "Good Luck," and sailed down the bay of Barnegat with the sun on my head, and sixty-five thousand mosquitoes hovering around me, and sometimes condescending to a light on my face. There was not a breath of air; and I felt as if all the plagues of Egypt had been let loose upon me. The only occurrences that could divert me from my unpleasant feelings, were an occasional turtle floating on the surface of the water, or a green-headed bass lifting his nose in the air, or a boy on the distant shore searching for gull's eggs in the sand. This, it must be acknowledged, was a sentimental situation for a young citizen who is rarely on the water, and then is in a pleasure-boat with an awning over his head; whose greatest gratification is to see the pretty misses, and the

pretty masters, and the pretty horses, and the pretty gigs, in Broadway; and who loves to linger with a beauty in the shades of the battery, or to serenade his mistress by the midnight moon.

The day had nearly set in before we arrived at what is called "Barnegat beach," jaded and sick. We retired to the hotel—no, tavern—and endeavoured to recruit ourselves. This the boatmen easily accomplished. With a whiskey bottle in one hand, and a piece of cheese in the other, they were soon in flight to sail again, to sing a song, to dance or to pitch quoits. For myself, I sought comfort in vain. After swallowing a glass of milk-punch, which I prepared myself, I retired to the parlour beyond the reach of noise, and endeavoured to compose myself. Though I found little consolation in my present situation, I comforted myself with the expectation of departing early in the morning, to see once more this renowned city, and these good-natured, hospitable, clever, and genteel citizens. I was thinking of Prentiss' perfumes which regale the passenger, and the pretty things in Werkmeister's, and the curiosities, and wonders, and sights in Bonfanti's ware-room. But alas, how are we buffeted about in this valley of tears! The clouds began to accumulate, the heavens were darkened, and the rain soon poured down on Barnegat-beach. I uttered a cry of despair and retreated to bed.

The reader will readily believe me when I inform him, that it was many hours before I slept. I tumbled in my bed, sick at heart, and exhausted by my tedious passage from "Good-Luck." But I finally dozed, and awoke not until eight o'clock the next morning, which was Sunday. The rain had not ceased, and to increase my regret, the wind had changed to the north. On hearing this intelligence, I could not help exclaiming with St. Leon, in the Inquisition, "Great God! into what a situation I am got!"

We continued at this place until Wednesday at noon, waiting for the wind to change to the south. In the interval I tried every expedient to divert my mind, and to facilitate the passage of time. But it was impossible to escape *ennui*; it was impossible to discover any means of enjoyment or even satisfaction. To walk, was impossible, for at every step I sunk ankle-deep in the sand, and the mosquitoes were as numerous as the locusts of Tartary. I regretted from the bottom of my soul that I had come to Barnegat; and I swore by Styx that I would never visit it again, if the world itself stood still on my refusal. I talked with the girls, but they were prudish and coy. I talked with the men, but they were rude and disgusting. I looked through the spy-glass, and watched the vessels sailing on the vast bay, but 'twas all in vain. I was wearied to death, and sighed to return. "How the sun seems to stop in his course when the weary heart longs for home!" It was thus with me. Seconds were lengthened to minutes, and minutes to hours.

But at last the breeze was South, and we departed from Barnegat-beach—I never to see it again. A fleet of twenty sail left it at once, and our course was pointed to "The Tyre of the Western world," as a queer old gentleman once called this city of ours. When we entered on the ocean, the qualms that had distressed me when I went down, visited me again, and (my head even now almost turns at the thought of it,) I was driven to the cabin where I groaned till our arrival at the Murray-street wharf on the succeeding morning. Though scarcely able to stand, I leapt upon shore and hastened to my lodgings. And I can say without fear, that if I live to the age of Methusalem himself, I shall never again visit Barnegat.

ANASTASTO.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 21. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Old White Hat and the Old Grey Mare.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*A Trip to Shrewsbury and Long Branch.* No II.

THE DRAMA.—*The present state of the English Drama.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Vindication of the character of Robert Burns.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Reflections on Vegetation, No. I. Oil Wells of the Burmhan Empire. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Illustrations of some facts, stated in the novel of "the Wilderness, or Bradock's Times," respecting General Washington.*

POETRY.—*"To Marcella, with Byron's Poems."* By Frances Wright. "Life." By Eustace; with other pieces.

GLENNER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Bolton;"—"D. D. B.;"—and "Harold," inadmissible.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

The valuable sugar lands in Louisiana, belonging to the United States, are advertised by the President to be sold at auction.

It is stated in a letter from London, that the improvements to the steam engine made by Perkins, are every day acquiring proselytes.

It is mentioned as the result of actual experiment, that light produced by the best spermaceti, at its present price, is about in proportion to tallow candles at six cents per pound.

Mr. Adam Price, of Burlington, N. J. has, this season raised a lemon, which measured 12 inches in circumference, and weighed 14 ounces. The tree on which this lemon grew, had on it, at one time, upwards of 150 lemons, many of which were nearly as large as the one above mentioned.

Mr. Osgood, of South Salem, is now gathering in his currant vintage. He will make about 1000 gallons of wine this season. His wine has sometimes sold at the south for \$3 a gallon.

The following is an excellent receipt for making Lemon Brandy:—Put three quarts of brandy into an earthen pipkin that has a cover: add one pound and three quarters of fine loaf sugar, the rind, pulp, and juice of fourteen large lemons, and two quarts of boiling milk; let it stand nine days, stirring it well each day, then run it through a jelly-bag until clear, bottle it, and it will be fit for use immediately, and will keep long.

Good wine from elder berries, which are abundant in this country, may be made in the following manner:—three quarts of ripe berries to one gallon of water; boil half an hour, and strain through a sieve; put to one gallon of the liquor, 8 lbs. brown sugar, a little cloves and allspice, or any other spice you choose, boil half an hour longer, and when nearly cold ferment with yeast for about 10 days, and add two quarts of spirits to a barrel, and stop it close.

## MARRIED.

Mr. William Duff to Miss Elizabeth Mills.  
Mr. William Bolmer to Miss Jane Ann Havilland.

Mr. Samuel Fardon to Miss Hannah W. Lake.  
Mr. Edward B. Tyler, Esq. to Miss Jane Eliza Leaycraft.

Mr. John G. Reynolds to Miss Mary Ann Hitchcock.

Samuel O. Auchmuty, Esq. to Miss Susan Woolsey.

## DIED.

Mr. John H. Clapp, aged 30 years.  
Mrs. Rachel Sicks, aged 65 years.  
Mr. Joseph Corrie, aged 76 years.  
Mr. Robert Steele, aged 52 years.  
Mr. Archibald Taylor, aged 65 years.  
Mr. William Webb.  
Mr. James A. Smith, in the 35th year of his age.  
Mrs. Lucy Dunn, in the 23d year of her age.  
Mr. John Ritzina Bogat, in the 18th year of his age.  
Mrs. Lucy Dunn Doncourt, in the 23d year of her age.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

*Song of the Imperial Captive, written in 1817.*

BY FRANCES WRIGHT.

Blush, warriors, blush! weep, heroes, weep!  
Where lies your mighty chief?  
Bound in a narrow dungeon keep—  
Amid the desert of a boundless deep,  
He calls, and vainly calls, for your relief.

Blush, warriors, blush! where lies your lord?  
Where lies your chosen king?  
Where lies the man a world ador'd—  
To whom a world was proud to bring  
Its subject crowns, its tribute offering?

Oh heroes! brothers of my fame?  
And do ye kiss the very hand  
That works my shame?  
That works the ravage of your land,  
That sells ye to a fool's command,  
And lights dissension's flame.

And do ye this?—No, heroes, no!  
E'en now your execrations rise,  
Defiance flashes from your eyes,  
Your lifted hand prepares the blow,  
Shall strike to earth the prancing, crested foe.

Ha, ha! I know the signal well;  
Ha, ha! I know the mad'ning swell  
Of smother'd passion's bursting rage,—  
Ha, ha! within my prison cage  
I drink my tyrant's dying yell;  
Ha, ha! Again before I die,  
I join the conquering people's cry—  
"Victory! Victory!"

For the Minerva.

*Addressed to a child in Pennsylvania.*

BY FRANCES WRIGHT.

Thou smiling cherub! not the skies  
Of thy own free and fervid clime,  
More sunny bright than are thine eyes,  
Uncoloured yet by grief or crime.

With noiseless pinion time sails on,  
And mows the years of man away;  
And with them fall, still one by one,  
The joys that gild his early day.

Oh, when I see thy little arms  
Twin'd round thy lovely mother's neck,  
Thy stolen glance of feign'd alarms,  
As press'd to her's thy laughing cheek.

Oh, when I see thee, blessed child!  
Thy buoyant bound, thy soul of glee,  
Thy spirit, pure and undefil'd—  
Oh, I could kneel and worship thee.

And is the day, bright cherub, near,  
When thy clear brow shall knit with pain;  
Thy smiles be quench'd in anguish tear,  
And fever'd passion craze thy brain?

Forbid it, God! and why believe  
My natal star was also thine?  
That fate thy web of life must weave  
As full of sable blot as mine?

I've heard of those on whom the sun  
Of life sate kindly as it rose;  
Whose opening years hope smil'd upon,  
And smil'd as sweetly on their close.

Such fate be thine, thou blessed child!  
Favour'd of heaven from the birth,  
Live on to death bless'd, undefil'd,  
Nor bear to heav'n one stain of earth.

For the Minerva.

HORACE. ODE XI. BOOK II. TO A. HIRPINUS.

Seek not to know what wars arise  
Beneath barbarian skies!  
In Scythia, or in warlike Spain,  
Beyond the Adriatic main;  
But, my Hirpinus, free from strife,  
With me partake a quiet life,  
Whose joys are easy to obtain.

The flowers of spring decay and die,  
And in the evening sky  
The moon shines not with steady light,  
But wanes and waxes every night;  
Our beauty thus old time destroys,  
Our tender loves and youthful joys,  
And balmy slumbers puts to flight.

Do thoughts profound distract your mind?

Why give them to the wind,  
And let us in the shade recline  
Beneath the plane or branching pine;  
Our hoary brows with roses crown'd,  
While Syrian odours breathe around  
We carelessly will sip our wine.

No care shall vex the cheerful breast

Where Bacchus is a guest.  
Boy! where yon cooling streamlet flows  
This brisk Falernian wine dispose.  
Then haste away, and bring with thee  
Lyde, the gracious and the free,  
Here till she come will we repose.

Lyde shall softest thoughts inspire  
With her enchanting lyre;  
For she can play with touching art,  
And send her witch notes to the heart;  
Tell her to come like Spartan girls  
With braided hair, without her curls,  
We'll revel till the day depart.

IGNOTUS.

For the Minerva.

## THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE.

Oh Mary, say you'll be my bride,  
And ever true to me remain;  
Though shame and sorrow should betide,  
You'll share my sorrow and my shame.  
But thou must be devoid of pride,  
Who would become an outlaw's bride.

Yet would not such an angel's mind  
A wretched outlaw's ways reclaim,  
And turn his thoughts above to find  
Relief from heaven, from guilt and shame?  
Then, Mary, be my angel guide,  
And deign to be an outlaw's bride.

To guilt allied, I'm sure such worth  
Would turn my thoughts to think on heaven,  
To think on her whose faithful troth  
So oft and sweetly has been given.  
Then, Mary, be my angel guide,  
And deign to be an outlaw's bride.

RIVALDO.

## THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

BY MR. CROLY.

What is death? 'Tis to be free!  
No more to love, or hope, or fear—  
To join the great equality:  
All alike are humbled there!

The mighty grave  
Wraps lord and slave;  
Nor pride nor poverty dares come  
Within that refuge-house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,  
And the ever-weeping eye,  
Thou of all earth's king's art king!  
Empires at thy footstool lie!

Beneath thee strew'd  
Their multitude  
Sink, like waves upon the shore;  
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth  
To the grandeur round thy throne!  
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
To thy kingdom all have gone.

Before thee stand  
The wondrous band;  
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,  
Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show  
Many a million for her one;  
Through thy gates the mortal flow  
Has for countless years roll'd on:  
Back from the tomb

No step has come;  
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound  
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

WOMAN'S SMILE.

Calm is the eve: the wild and humble flow'rs,  
Peeping through thorns and rustic bramble bow'rs,  
The meads with daisy and with primrose crown'd,  
Give a sweet scent, and perfume all around.

Careless I walked along the hedge-row side,  
The cuckoo pert his spring-note gaily cried;  
The cow stood lowing near the mossy gate;  
The dove sat plaintive, waiting for her mate.

Oh! it is sweet to leave the busy town,  
In calm retirement all your cares to drown;  
See lovely nature all her charms unfold,  
And feel that peace which is not to be told.

'Tis sweet to sit beneath the cooling shade,  
See day's bright colours into evening fade;  
To watch the shadows floating o'er the green,  
And dream of worlds as yet unknown, unseen!

'Tis sweet to bear your village church-bell toll;  
Borne o'er the scented breeze, it charms the soul,  
Lulls the calm mind to smile at thoughts of death,  
For spring eternal sigh away our breath.

'Tis sweet to hear yon gay town's busy hum,  
O'er Hudson's stream, like music, gently come;  
See the tall ship o'er billows proudly borne,  
Midst sob and sighs of friends on shore, that mourn.

'Tis sweet to scan yon sky of azure hue,  
One vast expanse of calm and lovely blue,  
Save where those streaks of golden crimson run,  
The dying glory of the setting sun.

All these are sweet; but something sweeter still  
Runs through the heart with one o'erpowering thrill,  
Makes the nerves spring, the spirits glow,  
And bids life's current freely, fully flow.

Oh! 'tis most sweet to see dear woman's smile,  
On her soft bosom all our cares beguile,  
Breathe sweeter perfume in her gentle sigh,  
And find a lovelier heaven in her eye.

Mild: nature's charms to find her loveliest still,  
Sweeter than verdant grove, or flowery hill,  
Brighter than fairest flower that ever grew,  
Purer than heaven's own sky of ether blue:

As the fond vine clasps round the oak's strong arms,  
In graceful weakness hangs her purple charms,  
Hides all her blushes on his faithful side,  
And gently woe him like a fondling bride.

Thus to support fond woman's heaving breast,  
Kiss off the tear that shows her love's contest:  
Is her kind nature's choicest gift to prove,  
Oh! this is sweet, 'tis God's own essence—love!

## Epigrams.

ON A GENTLEMAN, WHO MARRIED A THIN  
CONSUMPTIVE LADY.

With a warm skeleton so near,  
And wedded to thy arms for life,  
When death arrives, it will appear  
Less dreadful—'tis so like thy wife.

A spouse so thin, though all agree  
Had better much be let alone;  
Flesh of thy flesh she cannot be,  
Who is made up of only bone.

ALTER ET IDEM.

You say you're old, in hopes we'll say you're young,  
But 'tis your face we credit, not your tongue.

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I. Odd-I-tye. Oddity.  
PUZZLE II. Because it is overcast.  
PUZZLE III. The letter I.  
PUZZLE IV. Because he is under the lash.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.  
My whole a true reflector is,  
Of every plain or pretty phiz;  
I form the toppers greatest glee,  
And help the aged eye to see:  
Dame nature's wonders I explore,  
And show the track where planets soar.

Lop off my first, alas, appears  
The fruitful source of lover's tears:  
Man's greatest grief and greatest joy,  
I poet's praises oft employ.

Another letter take, and then,  
A beast I am much used by men,  
I am in fact, what thou wilt be,  
If thou this riddle's sense can't see.

II.

Why is a nail driven in a beam like a weak  
aged man?

III.

Why is a man who falls in love with every woman  
he sees, like a lock and key that fits exactly?

IV.

What sort of a person do I name by saying, "I  
cannot improve?"

## CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

1467 Death of Edward Scanderbeg, King of Albania, who for a long time waged war, successfully against the Turks.

— Liege taken by Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and upwards of 600 infants thrown into the Meuse.

1469 Insurrection against King Edward; his forces were defeated, and he himself taken prisoner.

1471 King Henry restored by parliament, and Edward attainted. In six months King Edward recovered London, and imprisoned Henry; defeated Queen Margaret's forces; caused Prince Edward, King Henry's only son, to be murdered in his presence, and afterwards put to death King Henry in the Tower.

1474 The kingdom of Castile and Arragon united under Ferdinand V. and Isabella.

1478 The Duke of Clarence, King Edward's half brother, was attainted and put to death in the tower.

— Conspiracy of the Piazzi and Salviati against the house of Medicis at Florence. Julian of Medicis, was murdered in the church.

— Iwan III. Grand duke of Russia, shaking off the Tartar yoke, took the title of Czar, or Emperor.

1482 Matthias, king of Hungary, took Nunnia and Austria from Frederic III. and obliged the Emperor to lead a wandering life.

1483 Death of Louis XI. King of France; his son Charles VIII. succeeded in the 14th year of his age.

1485 The Earl of Richmond landing in Wales; defeated and killed King Richard; was proclaimed King by the name of Henry VII.

1486 King Henry married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. and thus united the houses of York and Lancaster.

1487 The Cape of Good Hope discovered by the Portuguese.

1488 The Scots rebelled against their King, James III. and killed him at Bannockburn.

— Cyprus given to the Venetians, by Catherine Comara, last Queen of that island.

1490 The Emperor Frederic recovered Vienna.

1492 Ferdinand, King of Spain, took Grenada, and put an end to the dominions of the Moors, in Spain.

— This year America was discovered for the Spaniards by Christopher Columbus, a Genoese.

1493 Bull of Pope Alexander VII. dividing between Spain and Portugal, the countries to be discovered.

— Death of the Emperor Frederic in the 54th year of his reign. His son Maximilian I. succeeded.

1495 Charles VIII. King of France, took possession of Naples, which he lost again immediately.

— Sebastian Cabot, was employed by the King of England, to make discoveries on the East and Northeast coast of America.

1497 Americus Vespucius, a Florentine, landing on the continent of the new world, by his false accounts contrived to give it his own name.

— The passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, was found out by Vasquada Gama, Admiral of the Portuguese.

1498 The Walachians carried off near 100,000 Poles, whom they sold to the Turks.

— Death of Charles VIII. King of France, without issue. Louis XII. Duke of Orleans, and nearest male issue succeeded.

1500 Birth of Charles V. son of Philip of Austria.

— Great plague in England; the King and court removed to Calais.

1502 Prince Henry was then made Prince of Wales, and contracted to Catharine.

— Sebastian Cabot returned with some natives from the new discoveries in America.

1503 Ferdinand, King of Arragon, possessed himself entirely of the kingdoms of Naples, and Sicily, which remained united to the Spanish Monarchy till 1713.

1507 The Emperor Maximilian going to Rome, was stopped by the Venetians; on which the Emperor, the King of France, and the pope, entered into an alliance against them.

1509 Death of Henry VII. King of England, in the 24th year of his reign. His only surviving son Henry VIII. succeeded; his marriage was solemnized, and they were both crowned at Westminster.

1512 Ferdinand, King of Arragon, seized the kingdom of Navarre.

1513 Henry VIII. invaded France, and met with great success.

— Victory of the English over the Scots, at Flodden field, where James IV. was killed.

THE MINERVA,

EDITED BY GEORGE HOUSTON,

Is published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

128 Broadway, New-York,

At Four Dollars per annum payable in advance. No subscription can be received for less than a year; and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.